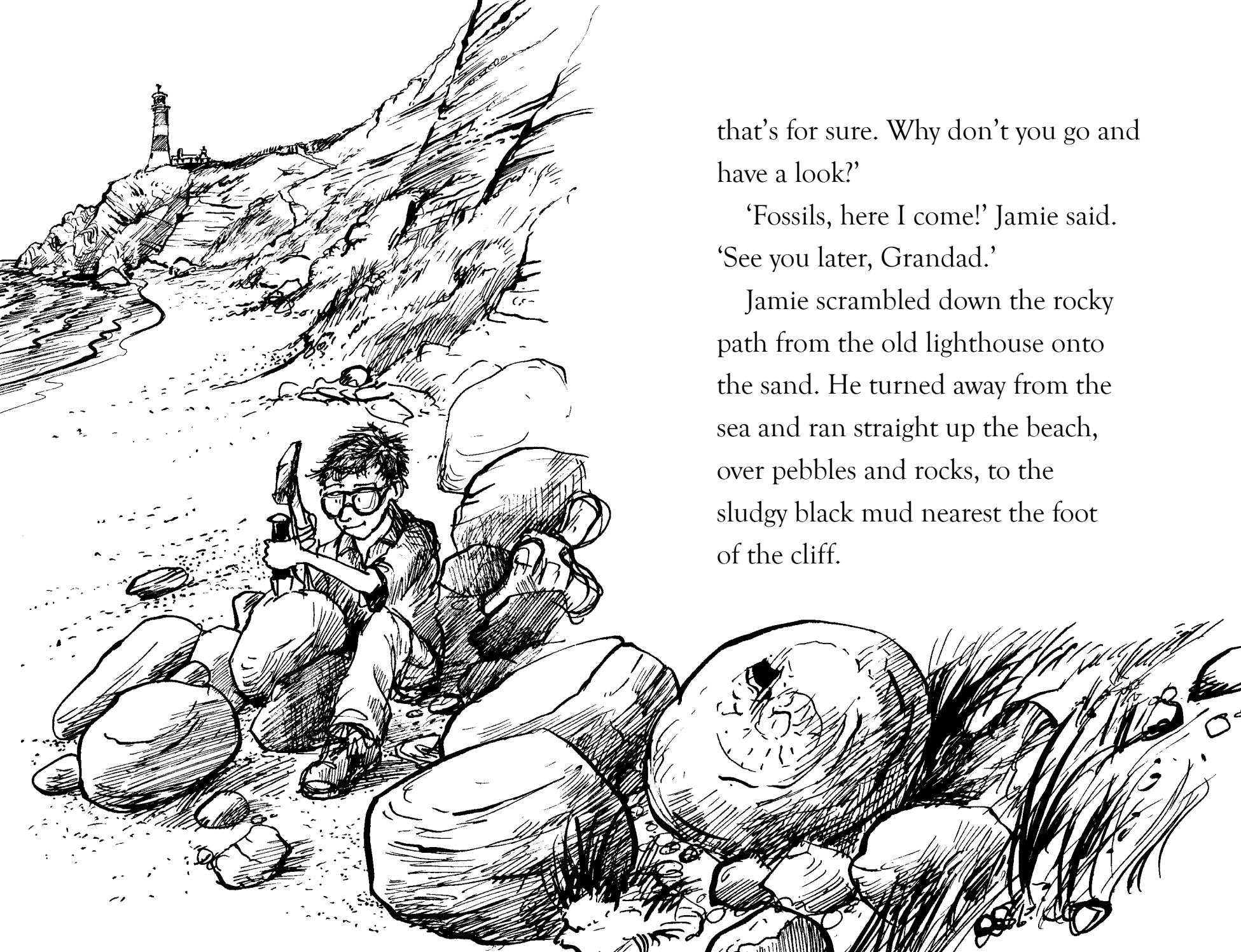


‘Dinosaur Cove!’ Jamie ran to the cliff edge and looked down over the fence. ‘This has got to be the best place on earth to find dinosaurs!’

His grandad’s eyes twinkled. ‘They’re down there in the rocks,



that's for sure. Why don't you go and have a look?

'Fossils, here I come!' Jamie said. 'See you later, Grandad.'

Jamie scrambled down the rocky path from the old lighthouse onto the sand. He turned away from the sea and ran straight up the beach, over pebbles and rocks, to the sludgy black mud nearest the foot of the cliff.



That was the place to find fossils.

Jamie kept his eyes fixed on the muddy rocks and every so often he bent down to pick one up. They were crumbly and broke apart in his fingers, but none of them had a fossil inside. *Maybe I should try a bigger rock,* he thought.

He spotted a large blue-grey rock with a crack down the middle and dumped his backpack on the mud beside it. He dug out his safety goggles and his fossil hammer and chisel. Then he set to work, angling the chisel into the crack and tapping it with his hammer. He tapped again. He tapped harder.

A stone chip pinged off Jamie's goggles as the rock split cleanly in two.

'Treasure!' Jamie said.

Sticking out of one half of the rock was a black spiral fossil with shiny gold ridges. He looked at it closely.

It was about the length of his finger.
But when he tried to pick it out, it
was stuck fast in the rock.

*The Fossil Finder will tell me what
it is, Jamie thought. He fished in
his backpack and took out his
favourite new gadget—a hand-held
computer. He flipped the lid and
the screen glowed with a picture of a
fossilized dinosaur footprint, then the
words: 'HAPPY HUNTING!'*



At the bottom of the screen, a
cursor blinked. Jamie tapped '*FOSSIL
SHELL*' on the small keypad, looked
again at his fossil, and typed what
it looked like: '*COILED ROPE*'. Then
he pressed '*FIND*' and stared at the
screen. A picture popped up. It
looked just like the fossil in the blue-
grey rock.

*'AMMONITE,' Jamie read.
A FOSSIL SHELL FROM A PREHISTORIC
SEA CREATURE, COMMON IN ROCKS FROM
DINOSAUR TIMES; CAN BE FORMED OF
FOOLS GOLD.'*

He flipped the lid shut.

'Well,' Jamie said to his discovery,

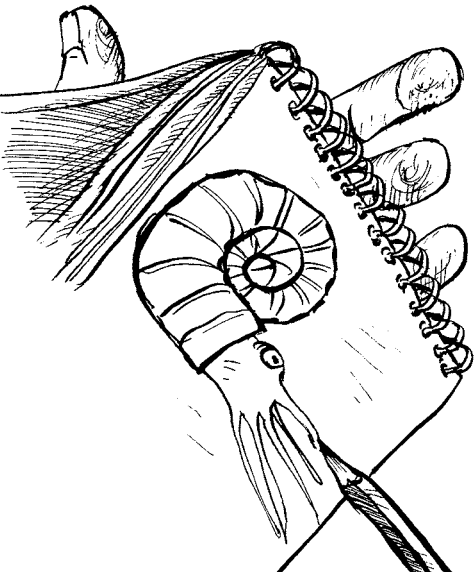
‘I don’t care that you’re common, or that you’re not real gold. You come from dinosaur times, and I’m the first person ever to see you. So you’re still treasure to me!’

He pulled his goggles off, took out his new T-Rex notebook and began to sketch his first Dinosaur Cove discovery.

He added in the squid-like tentacles and big eye that the creature

would have had when it was alive.

Suddenly, an unfamiliar voice shouted,



‘BOO!’

A freckly face popped up from behind the rock. ‘Gotcha! You didn’t hear me coming, did you?’ The boy stood up. His T-shirt and safari shorts were plastered in mud. ‘Is that the new Fossil Finder?’

Jamie smiled and patted the lid. ‘Latest software and everything.’



The boy pushed his curly red hair behind his sticky-out ears. 'I'm Tom Clay,' he said. 'I'm learning to track animals and I'm going to be a wildlife presenter on TV one day. Who are you?'



'Jamie Morgan,' said Jamie, 'I want to be a scientist.'

'You're new, aren't you?' Tom said.

Jamie nodded. 'I just moved here.

Look!
I found an ammonite.'

'Oh, ammonites,' said Tom, shrugging. 'You'll find loads of those around here.'

'I want to find a dinosaur bone,' Jamie told him. 'Dinosaurs are awesome!'



Tom looked at Jamie's notebook and laughed. 'T-Rex rules!' He put his binoculars to his eyes. 'Sometimes I pretend I'm tracking dinosaurs . . . ' His binoculars flashed in the sunshine as he turned them on Jamie.

Tom grinned. 'Hey, do you want to know a secret about Dinosaur Cove?'

'You bet!' said Jamie.

'Then follow me. We have to be quick!' Tom set off across the beach.

Jamie stuffed his fossil-hunting gear into his backpack and ran after his new friend. 'Why are we hurrying?' Jamie asked.

'The path up the cliff gets cut off at high tide,' Tom said. 'So we'll have to get back before then.'

Tom led Jamie onto a narrow path up a cliff and at the highest point on the path, Jamie stopped to look at the view. He could see

Grandad fishing down on the beach.

'That's my house,' Jamie told Tom, pointing to the tall white-washed tower at the top of the cliffs on the opposite side of the beach.

Tom looked surprised. 'The captain's lighthouse?'



‘The captain is my grandad,’ Jamie explained. ‘My dad moved us down here and he’s turning the bottom floor into a dinosaur museum.’

‘Cool!’ said Tom. He turned to look at the huge pile of mossy boulders. ‘We’ve got to get up there.’

‘I love climbing!’ Jamie said.

Together the boys clambered up the boulders. Once Jamie had hauled himself onto the huge stone at the top he asked, ‘So, where’s the big secret?’

‘Right behind you,’ Tom told him. Jamie spun round. Behind the

boulder and hidden from the bay was the gaping mouth of a cave.

‘A secret cave!’ Jamie gasped.

